

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro!
Trying again so bravely,
Leaping in baby glee,
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest of language
Ever before was heard;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word;
Tottering now and falling,
Eyes are going to cry;
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O guide them,
The patter of little feet,
While they are treading the uphill road,
Braving the dust and heat!
Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathways best;
And when the journey is ended,
Saviour, O, give them rest!

THE SPALPENS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Granny Welch was a funny little Irish woman, who wore a plaid shawl at all times and seasons, and whose tight-fitting hood could not—indeed, it did not attempt—to conceal the broad, white cap-fall which bobbed up and down as she talked, which was pretty often, I assure you.

Granny Welch hated boys, all but one; and that was Mikey, the son of her "darlin'" daughter, who had left her three years ago.

"Mikey isn't just but a baby, yet," she would sometimes say, apologetically, to a neighbor; "but if ever he grows into one of them imperdint spalpens be-yant I'll kill him!"

Then the neighbor would laugh, and Mikey would laugh, and finally Granny Welch herself would laugh until her cap-fall shook and her beadlike eyes twinkled like a couple of very small stars.

Time had dealt gently with the old lady. He had given her no painful rheumatism, no feeble limbs, or stiffened joints. He had only bleached her hair and wrinkled her face and shriveled her up, so that she grew smaller and smaller, until it really seemed as if she might blow away some day, "when she'd grown old enough," as Frank Wellington had said.

Frank Wellington was one of the boys whom Granny Welch hated. She hated him because he had asked her to "lend him the loan of her shawl" one stinging winter day; she hated his brother Tom because he had said that Mikey looked like a frog in the new jacket and pants which she had worked so hard to make him; but more than all she hated them both because they were veritable boys, or "spalpens." The words were synonymous with Granny Welch.

It was the day before Christmas, and Mikey sat watching the stove and waiting for his grandmother, who had gone to church. He couldn't go out into the street, for his toes were peeping through his little, worn shoes. "Granny" had promised him a new pair "when her ship came into the harbor," but he was almost tired of waiting for that. Mikey knew very little about Christmas. No one had told him to hang up his stockings, and he had heard no hint of presents. He had a vague idea that it must be a good time, because everybody in the court went to church. That was all Mikey knew about the day to which most little folks look forward so eagerly.

He didn't like to sit in the kitchen all alone. Granny Welch had often boasted that the room "fronted the court and there was a great dale of things to be seen from it." But Mikey found it a lonesome place now. The people who came by walked very fast, and their cloaks drawn tightly about them, as if they were cold. The wind was blowing, too. He didn't like the wind; it made him think of what Frank Wellington had said. What if his grandmother should "grow old enough" that very day. Dinner time was coming, too, and he was hungry. He began to cry.

"Whist, whist, now! Where's no little man? This isn't him, sure. It's a baby we have here, intirely."

There she was—Granny Welch. Just a little old Irish woman—that was all; but to Mikey she was everything—fire and light, and dinners and suppers, aye, and jacket and trousers, too. So it was no wonder that his face brightened as she appeared.

Granny Welch always went along the streets with her eyes on the ground. If she saw a piece of wood large enough to make a blaze, she picked it up. It really seemed as if Santa Claus must have strewn some nice bits in her way this morning, her arms were so full. Among others was a bough of an old elm, which seemed like a tree itself, it was so tall and had so many little branches. Mikey looked at it with longing eyes.

"Are ye wantin' it, Michael?"

"I am."

"I am."

"I am."

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1877.

NUMBER 1.

"On yer back!" inquired Granny Welch, with a fierce bobbing of her cap border.

"No, sir," replied irreverent Mikey. "There's where ye'll get it, thin."

"I'll take it from yer," he cried, gleefully, suiting the action to the word. Granny caught him in her arms, and gravely administered a few sounding slaps, which didn't hurt him a bit.

"Is it a Christmas ye'll have?" she asked, when her pretended wrath was appeased.

"Yes."

She took down an old skillet from the wall and put into it a handful of corn, and awaited the result.

Mikey listened for the popping, and at last it came. When the kernels were 'all snapped out' she took a large needle and some blue yarn and strung them thereon. Then she tied the string to the old bough, winding it in and out among the withered branches, whence it hung in long white loops.

"There's yer Christmas," said she, with a satisfied air. "Look well now. Don't break it."

He took it in his plump hand. He walked proudly up and down the room, the corn waving gracefully.

"That's a nice Christmas," said Granny Welch, the queer cap border bobbing again.

"Yes."

"A nice Christmas. Nice little boys gets nice Christmasses."

Mikey's stout figure straightened.

"There's little Biddy McLaughlin be-yant, as eries wil the too'tache. She gots no Christmas at all. Mind that, now."

Mikey looked sly. The little girl was his best beloved playmate and he was very sorry for her. He thought of her all the while he was eating his dinner, holding his potato in one hand and grasping his newly acquired treasure in the other. When the meal was over and his grandmother was busy putting away the fragments he took to his little heels and ran across the court to "Biddy's part."

Poor Biddy looked up, with tearful eyes.

"Too'tache now!" inquired Mikey.

"It's stoppin'," replied Biddy, soberly. "There are a clove in it."

"See my Christmas, Biddy."

"Come out intil the court, Biddy. We'll have a percession. Pretind its banners."

"But I have none!" whined Biddy.

Mikey broke his bough in two, scattering bits of wood and kernels of corn as he did so. To arrange the two "banners" gracefully was a work of time, but the children did it, or thought they did it, at last.

The "percession" had been in motion hardly five minutes when it was unceremoniously ordered to halt.

"Stand still there! What do you call that? A string of snow flakes! Give us one, won't you?"

The children stood still and looked terrified.

"Oh, Frank! come here a mement."

Frank came, a merry-faced boy, with clear, gray eyes.

"What is it, Tom?"

"Just look at those little rats. They have a whole string of snow flakes, and they won't give a fellow one."

"Nonsense!" laughed Frank. "Let 'em alone."

"It's my Christmas," faltered little Mikey.

"Your what?"

"My Christmas."

"Je-rusalem!" exclaimed Tom, thinking of the stately evergreen, at which he had managed to get a peep, in his parlor at home.

"Don't you get any presents?" inquired Frank, kindly.

"I'm to get a new coat," spoke up Biddy. "It's makin' out of a lady's dress—good an' warm, wid quil'in in it."

Alas! there was need of it, poor little Biddy.

"I'm to have some shoes—sometime," said Mikey.

The gray eyes looked a little less clear. Something dimmed them.

For a moment Frank seemed lost in thought; then he suddenly pulled from his pocket a small rule.

"Put your foot on this," said he to Mikey. "It won't hurt you (seeing that the child hesitated). Just for a minute. Come!"

Mikey did so, wonderingly; and Frank, after examining it carefully, put the rule in his pocket again, and the boys walked off.

"What are you going to do now, Frank?" inquired Tom.

"I can't stand it, Tom," replied Frank, earnestly. "Here am I—great man almost, with everything I want. And just think of those little chaps! It makes a fellow feel mean, somehow. Father gave me five dollars yesterday, and that youngster shall have some new shoes to-day or my name's not Frank Wellington."

Tom made no reply. He also had a little money, which had been given him to spend as he pleased, and he had noticed what seemed to have escaped the sharp eye of his brother—viz: that Biddy's brown looks were straggling through the many loopholes in the worn-out hood.

"Do girls have to be measured?" he inquired at length.

"No. Anything fits 'em. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Tom, carelessly.

Half an hour afterward the boys stood again at the entrance of the court. The children were still there, but the "trees" were stripped. Most of the corn had found its way into the two little red mouths, which were even now full.

"Bring those what-do-you-call-'ems here," called Frank. "Both of 'em."

But the "what-do-you-call-'ems" didn't move, so the boys went to them. Hastily snatching the "banners" from the bewildered children, they proceeded to tie thereon some queer-looking packages—one suspiciously like a doll, another like a horse, besides a couple of well-filled horns, the contents of which, of course, nobody could guess, and two larger bundles, which were reserved for the last. They had fastened them all on securely, as they thought, when snap went the withered branches, sending the bundles ignominiously to the ground, where they lay surrounded by broken twigs and scraps of wood.

Mikey gave one cry. It brought Granny Welch quickly to the spot. Her cap border seemed fairly to dance and her little black eyes to flash fire as she caught sight of the boys.

"An' it's ye, Frank Willin'ton—ye an' yer brother—as couldn't let a poor b'y play wid a few rotten sticks unmerlist. It's little enough he has, thin—he nor Biddy, nayther. Be off wid yees," she added, fiercely, raising her voice. "Go home wid yees, now, or I'll—ill!"

The boys didn't wait until the sentence was finished. They walked away without a word.

They were sober and thoughtful that evening. The mother wondered what had come over her fun-loving lads; but she waited patiently for a solution of the mystery.

And at eight o'clock came a furious pull at the door bell.

"It's old Mrs. Welch and she wants to see you boys, both of you," said the father, half anxiously. "You haven't been up to any mischief to-day, have you?"

"No, sir," replied Tom, meekly, while Frank looked up to the roots of his hair. They looked like a couple of culprits as they went into the hall, where sat Granny Welch wringing her wrinkled hands.

"God forgive me for wrongin' yees," said she, speaking very fast. "But whin I seen the shoes foremist me on the ground I had like to faint. An' Biddy's hood's an illigant fit; an' she an' Mikey's that pleased wid the candy an' the t'ys they can do nothin' intirely but just turn 'em over an' over an' laugh like a pair of babies. An' Mrs. McLaughlin (she's a babe wid the measles, an' she can't leave the night), she sends yer bist thanks an' respects, an' may ye niver want for a Christmas gift."

Frank and Tom looked at each other. Neither spoke.

"Folks got that tired of workin' an' scrapin' that they gets hard sometimes," continued Granny Welch, plaintively. "An' ye sees, I didn't sence it at all. Ye'll forgive me, won't yees, now?"

"Oh! that was nothing," stammered Frank.

"We don't care a fig about it," added Tom, magnanimously.

"Thank ye. God bless yees both."

I'm very much obliged to yees. May ye live till a hundred Christmasses," and she was gone.

"What does this mean, boys?" inquired the mother, when they returned to the sitting-room.

"It means—you tell her, Tom."

Tom tried to tell her the story, but he failed signally. Then Frank took up the broken thread of the discourse, with little better result. Between them both, however, the lady at length gained the truth. When they had finished her own eyes were moist.

"I thank God for my boys," said she, fervently kissing the blushing cheeks. "They have made me very happy. This will be a good Christmas for them, I am sure."

And it was.

Granny Welch always makes two notable exceptions now when she speaks of "imperdint spalpens." Indeed, she has learned to like all boys better for the sake of "them tinder hearted young gentlemans, the Willin'tons."

How a Wife Was Restored to Health.

An almost miraculous cure, says the Chicago Tribune, is reported from Sheldon street, the patient being the wife of a well-to-do citizen. She has for years been ailing, or thinking she was ailing, and recently took to her death-bed, and kept her husband unhappy by lamenting that she was going to die. Yesterday her husband went out and got a box of young widow who is her particular abhorrence, to come in and look over the house. The dying woman heard him opening doors and explaining things, and lay racked with indignation and curiosity. Presently the box of young widow departed and the husband returned to the sick-room. No sooner had he entered than she accosted him:

"Peter Whitehead Hollingworth, what have you done?"

"Nothing, my love, nothing. Don't excite yourself. Be calm. Only you were complaining that you couldn't get up and see after things, and that the house was going to wreck and ruin. I thought I'd ask Mrs. Dasher in to let me know what could be done to save you trouble and relieve your mind of anxiety."

"Oh, you did?" she murmured with a deep inspiration.

"Yes, and I showed her all over the house."

"And the beds not made, and everything like a pig-sty!"

"Never mind, my love. I told her she must excuse it, as you were sick, because you were a good housekeeper. And she said you must be."

"Oh, she did?"

"Yes, and she said that if she had her way she'd have a new set of parlor furniture in, and less vulgar wall paper, but that some people had no taste anyway, and—by the way, Maria, you and Mrs. Dasher are pretty much of a size, ain't you?" Then he fell into a trance that lasted for some minutes, then muttering, "Well, perhaps they'll fit; if not, they can be made over," departed.

When that husband went home last night he was surprised to see his dying wife up and dressed, and bossing things with a metallic ring in her voice and a glitter in her eye such as he hadn't seen for years, and when he innocently remarked, "Why, Maria, I had hardly expected to see you up again," she said, "I know it, you bald-headed old reprobate; but I'll live to bury you yet, and if that painted Jeezabel comes into this house again I'll tear her into cotton waste and jute strings."

Here are some specimens of the American gift for exaggeration: "We are told of grass in Colorado that is so short you must lather it before you can mow." "There was a man who stood on his head under a pile-driver to have a pair of tight boots driven on. He found himself shortly after in China perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pocket." "There is a man in the West so bow-legged that his pantalons have to be cut with a circular saw." A Western editor said of a tornado: "It was a wind that just sat up on its hind legs and howled."

A four-legged girl in Du Quoin, Ill., advertises for an engagement with a side show.

How I Behaved in Church.

I was visiting Lilipet's parents in another city, and she was to take me to church. Lilipet was Henrietta's baby way of abbreviating her home title, Little Pet. Everybody caught it up, and nobody, least of all herself, had dropped it, although she was now nearly four, and a very big girl in her own estimation. Somewhere in her childish brain lodged the fancy that my religious education had been sadly neglected, consequently it became her bounden duty to do all in her power for my enlightenment.

"They'll hand around a basket of money," she said, as we walked along, her four fingers and fat thumb trying their best to meet around my hand; "but you are not to take any"—warningly; "you are to put some in. A penny's plenty. I've got a penny."

As we drew near the sacred edifice the weight of her responsibilities increased. I was in her charge. She felt that any misbehavior on my part would reflect upon her and lessen the dignity of the family pew, so she gave me her parasol to hold, and came to a full stop for the purpose of administering further advice and instruction.

"After we get in you must do this and pray," illustrating the act of silent communion with God.

"What must I say?" I asked, just to see what she would answer.

"You can't say 'Our Father who art in heaven,' cause there isn't time. I say 'Now I lay me down to sleep—all of it, you know, then if Miss McPet-ridge—she's next to us—if she hasn't got through, I begin, 'This pig went to market.'"

"O!" I exclaimed, hardly knowing whether to laugh or chide, and looking down into the blue eyes so brimmed with seriousness, "why don't you repeat 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"Cause," she answered very gravely, "that's a prayer. I couldn't break off anywhere. I'd have to say it all. Every-body might get done, then I'd look queer bobbing up. The pigs are nothing—I can leave out any of them."

"Since you have so much time after saying 'Now I lay me,' suppose you repeat 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

"Till Miss McPetridge gets through?"

"Yes."

"Very well." She took her parasol again, pink as a poppy, and not much bigger, and we walked quietly on.

My height being fully five feet, it was comical to be pulled squarely face to face with that midget, when we reached the church door, and answer a question with which she, doubtless, was familiar.

"Now, is there anything you want to say to me before we go in?"

"No," I answered dutifully.

"Be sure you remember you're not to speak after we get in, and you're not to get on your knees and look over into the back pew."

After promising to observe proprieties faithfully she allowed me to enter. No sound could have been sweeter than the twitter of the voice beside me, with its "Now I lay me" and "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." Of such is the kingdom of heaven. The minister had not gone very deep in his sermon before Lilipet was fast asleep, sure enough, and the Lord had her little trustful soul safe in his keeping. With her golden curls framing her cherub face, her blue eyes closed, her red lips parted, and violet rays from the stained window fluttering about her, she formed one of the prettiest pictures it has ever been my lot to see.

What happened next was this: In the midst of the Reverend Doctor's discourse, Henrietta's Lillipet plunged both clubby hands into her cheeks and slid from the cushion to her feet, with a "Ho, hi, hum!" that must have electrified the congregation. Then catching sight of the minister, her blue eyes still drenched with sleep, she violets with the dew, she ejaculated:

"Pretty well, I thank you. Amen."

That's how I behaved in church.

"I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was what an American sovereign told a candidate in a Main street saloon, the other night. "But in case your friend should not come forward," said the unabashed aspirant for office, "might I then count upon your assistance?" The class glanced from off his cheek and he passed out.

One Hundred Years Ago.

What a contrast between now and—say only a hundred years ago! Certainly, there is a very great contrast. England was not a manufacturing country a hundred years ago. We imported nearly everything except corn, wool and flax. We imported the greatest part of our iron from Spain, Sweden, Germany and Russia. We imported our pottery from Holland, our hats from Flanders, our silk from France, our cloth and carpets from Belgium. Our cotton manufactures, our woolen and flax manufactures, our machine manufactures, could scarcely be said to exist. Coal could scarcely be had, for coal-pits could not be kept clear of water.

A hundred years ago we could scarcely build a bridge. Look at the churches built a hundred years ago, and behold the condition of our architecture! A hundred years ago, we had fallen to almost the lowest condition as a nation. We had not a harbor; we had not a dock. The most extensive system of robbery prevailed on the river Thames.

The roads, such as they were, swarmed with highwaymen; and blackmail was levied on the Lowland farmers down to the middle of the last century.

A hundred years ago our ships were rotten; they were manned by prisoners taken from hulks, or by workmen pressed in the street in open day. When James Watt was learning his trade of an instrument-maker in London, a hundred years ago, he durst scarcely walk abroad, lest he should be seized and sent to India or the American plantations. Less than a hundred years ago the colliers and salters were slaves.

It is not forty years since women and children worked in coal-pits. Surely we are not to go down on our knees and pray for a restoration of the horrible things that existed a hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago literature was at a very low ebb. The press was in a very miserable state. William Whitehead was poet-laureate! Who knows of him now? Gibbon had not written his "Decline and Fall." Junius was the popular writer; political corruption was scarified in his letters. The upper classes were coarse, drunken, and ill-mannered. Bribery and corruption on the grossest scale were the principal means for getting into Parliament. Mr. Dowdswell, M. P. for Worcestershire, said to the Commons: "You have turned out a member for impiety and obscenity. What half-dozen members of this House over meat over a convivial bottle that their discourse is entirely free from obscenity, impiety, or abuse of government."—*Samuel Smiles, in "Thrift."*

Moral Courage.

Have you the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and stay away from on upon the slightest grounds for doing so, however great the temptation to go.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effect is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king.

Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the minds of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

The Christian Weekly has the following: "The 'Evening Mail,' one of the brightest and best of our city dailies, ridicules the use of the slang ejaculation 'Thanks!' deservedly styling it 'a vile phrase.' It is amazing that gentlemen and ladies whose good breeding prompts the personal recognition implied in the courteous response, 'Thank you,' should countenance the use of this empty and senseless creation of some shallow-pated, supercilious noodle."

A man innocently spoiled a sermon and a prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely," while another said: "I thought I'd got religion a couple of months ago, but I think it was fever and ague—but new I've got it!" (He didn't say which.)

The Pedigree of Words.

A study of the pedigree of many words which are in daily use would prove more fascinating than almost any other kind of mental recreation. Trench, in his little work on the "Study of Words," has done much to cultivate a taste for this kind of investigation; but he made only a beginning. The field is inexhaustible. In this article we shall give only a short list.

Pamphylia, a Greek lady, who compiled a history of the world in thirty-five little books, has given her name to the "pamphlet."

Punch and Judy are the relics of an ancient mystery play, in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

Dollar is from the German thaler; which is derived from Thal, the valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, where the silver-works were situated that made this coin.

Bigot is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigothic conquerors of Spain has been handed down to infamy.

Humburg is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news" was, in Germany, a proverbial expression for false political rumors.

"Exhort" and "yeast" are from the same root, which signifies something boiling or overflowing.

"Tabby-cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called Atabi, or taffety; the wavy markings of the watered silk resembling pussy's coat.

"Old Scratch" is the demon Skratzi, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe.

"Old Nick" is none other than Nkr, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavian legend.

The lemon takes its name from the city of Lima.

Loadstone is a corrupted translation of *Lydius lapis*, the stone of Lydis.

The word "money" reminds us that the coinage of the Romans was struck at the temple of Juno Morieta, the goddess of counsel.

John Ruskin's Remarks to Girls About Dress.

Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you) and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which will wear the longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion, but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes, or narrow, bright colors, or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make knot or flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground, and your walking-dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in common sense, and even in the personal delicacy, of the present race of average English women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. Learn dress-making yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of every day in needle-work, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not the time or taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station.

"How to fill a church" is a question which many a minister and many a church trustee is anxious to solve. Sir Henry Cole answered in his own way at the recent meeting of the Watford Public Library. The vicar of the parish church at Brompton gave him permission to hold a musical service once a week—on Tuesday. All the seats were to be free, there was to be a ten-minute sermon, and there were to be five or six hymns or psalms, sung to good old tunes, with an accompaniment of trumpets, trombones, and kettledrums. The vicar gave his assent and the service was held, an immense congregation flocking in and joining with one consent in the hymns, the effect of which was rendered still more impressive by the ancient musical instruments.

A man innocently spoiled a sermon and a prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner, the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely,"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS, SEINEY,
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., Associate
AUSTIN W. MANN, Editors.
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TERMS:
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Clubs of ten, \$8.00
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Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign
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Henry Winter Sylve, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia,
Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon
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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1877.

Specimen copies sent to any address on
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It seldom happens that an Institution for
the instruction of the deaf and dumb
is presented with a lot and new building
in complete order for school operations.
The Protestant Institution for Deaf-
mutes, of Montreal, Canada, has a true
benefactor in the person of Mr. Joseph
Mackay, who has ever been an esteemed
friend of all that pertained to its inter-
ests. As a further proof of his friend-
ship for the above-named Institution Mr.
Mackay has, as will be seen by an ac-
count in another column, lately pur-
chased a lot in Cote St. Antoine 200 by
241 feet and will shortly proceed to erect
on it a building suited to the wants of
the school. When completed the build-
ing will be a free gift from Mr. Mackay
to the trustees of the Protestant Insti-
tution. The new institution building
will probably be completed some time
next year.

Mr. Mackay's practical philanthropy
merits the highest commendation, and
his generosity will long be cherished by
the Protestant deaf-mutes and their
friends of Canada. We congratulate
our friend, Thomas Widd, the principal
of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-
mutes, who has long labored in the
cause of deaf-mute education on his near
prospect of having an institution build-
ing adapted to the requirements of his
school.

Mr. Widd has labored long and faith-
fully in advancing the intellectual inter-
ests of deaf-mutes, and now that the
Institution is to be provided with a com-
modious stone building we hope he will
long be retained as principal of the
school. He has long persevered in his
noble work zealously, under somewhat
unfavorable circumstances, and now that
there is to be a new building and better
facilities afforded for educating deaf-
mutes, it is presumed that he will fully
realize how to enjoy its advantages and
judiciously dispense its hospitalities.

The Institution is managed on correct
principles, and its pupils are progressing
finely in their studies. It is with much
pleasure that we are permitted to chron-
icle the fact of Mr. Mackay's magnificent
gift. His praiseworthy generosity com-
mends itself to the philanthropists of this
country. Would that others would copy
from his liberal example, and help to
provide for the education of the deaf and
dumb who are not already furnished with
ample means for instruction.

Saw Bound.

Last Friday Mr. L. N. Jones, his
daughter and brother Milton, of Rich-
land, paid us a visit. The snow storm,
which set in about one o'clock p. m., in-
creased in its fury as night approached,
and, as the roads were fast being filled
up, it was deemed unsafe for the party to
return home till morning. On Saturday
morning the roads were said to be im-
passable, and our friends were still com-
pelled to prolong their visits. As the
railroad had not then become blocked,
Milton left by the two p. m. train. Law-
rence and his daughter remained till Tues-
day morning when the blockade of the
main roads having been declared removed,
they took their departure with their
horse and sleigh for home. During the
blockade the time indoors passed pleas-
antly with ourselves and friends, and
happiness reigned within while the fu-
rious storm raged without.

Some time ago a pupil in a deaf
and dumb Institution in New England
read a portion of the book of Job; when
asked to write out his understanding of
Job's sufferings he wrote as follows:
"The Lord boiled Job seven days."

Rev. R. M. Hayden, recently rector
of Grace Church, this village, has re-
ceived and accepted a call from Water-
ville, N. Y. He will enter upon his du-
ties there immediately.

Anniversary of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society.

CLARENDON HILLS, Ill., Dec. 22, '76.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—The committee
on arrangements has authorized me to
announce that the members of the Chi-
cago Deaf-mute Society will celebrate
the anniversary of its organization on the
evening of the 18th of January next.
They have determined to do everything in
their power to make the celebration a
success, by enlivening the room with
beautiful decorations, and will have an
oration, tableaux and feast and other in-
teresting features. Mutes from abroad
desiring to be present and participate in
the celebration are cordially invited to
come. Our room is No. 10, at No. 89
E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD P. HOLMES,
Sec'y pro tem.

Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

From the Montreal Daily Witness of Nov. 30, '76.

ANNUAL MEETING.—A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.
The sixth annual meeting, yesterday,
of this useful and benevolent Institution
which is situated near the toll-gate at
Cote St. Antoine, was one of the most
important ever held, and was marked by
an event which is regarded as the com-
mencement of a new era in its history.
The Institution has long felt the need
of more extensive accommodations, the
limited capacity of the building having
compelled the turning away of more than
a few applicants who have desired admis-
sion to its hospitalities and advantages,
and such a necessity has been very much
to be regretted, considering the facts that
the principal, Mr. Thomas Widd, and his
excellent co-laborer, Mrs. Widd, have de-
voted themselves exclusively and with
whole hearts to the work of, as far as
possible, relieving the misfortunes of their
fellow-unfortunates, and that a consid-
erable number have already gone out from
under their efficient training prepared to
earn for themselves a living and even to
cope with their more favored fellow-men
for success in life. The event referred to
was no less than the receipt from Mr.
Jos. Mackay, an old friend of the Insti-
tution, of the donation of a lot of land,
and the plans for a

MAGNIFICENT NEW BUILDING
which he proposes erecting thereon.

The meeting yesterday, which was held
in the school-room in the Institution, was
largely attended. Among those present
were noticed: Chas. Alexander, (Presi-
dent in the chair), Andrew Allan, (Presi-
dent of the Board), Hugh McLennan,
Fred. Mackenzie, (Secretary-Treasurer),
Esqs., Rev. Mr. Duff, Dr. Scott, and a
large number of ladies.

After the meeting was duly opened,
the Chairman made the following re-
marks:—"We meet you to-day, ladies
and gentlemen, with much pleasure. It
is now several years since our work of
instructing Protestant deaf-mutes began
here; and though working amid many
discouragements, our work has proved so
useful that its results more than com-
pensate the managers for all their anxieties
and efforts in connection with it. Now,
while we have been trying to make both
ends meet, in the time of our anxiety
God raises up a friend to help us in the
very way we wished—that is to extend
our efforts by means of a larger building
—and has put it in the heart of our old
and respected fellow-citizen, Joseph Mac-
kay, Esq., to give us a splendid piece of
ground on St. Luke Road, and to erect
thereon, at his own expense, a stone
building capable of accommodating fifty
students and their teachers. How thank-
ful we feel for this generous gift was ex-
pressed at a meeting of the managers a
few days ago." He then read the follow-
ing letter:

SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL,
24th November, 1876.

Charles Alexander, Esq., President Pro-
testant Institution for Deaf-mutes:—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have always had a
warm sympathy for the deaf-mutes, and
have observed carefully the efforts to im-
prove their condition. Seeing that they
do not come under our School Board, and
that the present accommodation is alto-
gether too limited, I decided on procur-
ing a lot of ground in a healthy situation
(Cote St. Antoine), on which I propose
to erect a building capable of accom-
modating about fifty pupils with their
teachers, and, when completed, to do-
nate it to trustees for the use of the
Protestant deaf-mutes of our Province,
trusting that it may receive a liberal sup-
port from our charitable public, and that
a large number of this afflicted class may
receive in it education fitting them to
gain independent livelihoods.

The grounds measure 200x241 feet.

Accompanying this note is a sketch of
the proposed building, which please place
before Mr. Widd, Principal, and your
Committee, from whom I shall be very
happy to receive any suggestions relative
to plans.

Yours very sincerely,
JOSEPH MACKAY.

The elevation and plans, which were
exhibited for inspection, were beautiful,
and gave the idea of a splendid two-story
stone building with mansard roof and
two towers. Mr. John James Browne be-
ing the architect. It is understood that
preparations for building will begin next
spring.

The Secretary read the following:

ANNUAL REPORT

of the Board of Managers:

The number of pupils admitted during
the year was 22 (nearly as many as can
be accommodated in the building now
occupied by the Corporation). Of these
pupils, 10 were free, 7 paid the full fee,
and 5 paid them in part. Mr. J. Mac-
Gregor kindly inspected the school (at
the request of Principal Robins, who
was unavoidably prevented from doing so
as usual). Mr. McGregor's report testi-
fies to the progress made by the pupils
during the past year. Your Board have
great pleasure in expressing their entire
approval of the manner in which the prin-
cipal, Mr. Widd, the matron, Mrs. Widd,

the assistant teacher, Miss C. Bulmer,
and the teacher of carpentry, Mr. Red-
mond, have discharged their duties. The
Board of Managers have been informed
that it is the intention of Joseph Mac-
kay, Esq., to erect a suitable building
capable of accommodating fifty pupils
and their teachers, and when it is com-
plete, to present it and a valuable lot of
land to the trustees for the use of Prot-
estant deaf-mutes in the province of Que-
bec. Your Board feel that it is impos-
sible for them to express adequately their
thanks for Mr. Mackay's most generous
and timely offer. They are unanimously
of the opinion that in order to mark
their appreciation of his munificence, ap-
propiation should be made by them to the
Legislature of the Province of Quebec,
for permission to alter the name of the
Institution to that of "The Mackay In-
stitution for Protestant Deaf-mutes." Your
Board also feel it their duty to re-
cord the fact that Mr. Mackay, in addi-
tion to crowning their efforts with such
signal success as he is about to do, was
one of the largest contributors to the
Endowment Fund of the Institution, and
has always warmly supported it. As re-
gards the financial position of the Insti-
tution, the managers have to report a
balance on hand at the close of the finan-
cial year of \$96.49. There are outstand-
ing accounts for ordinary expenditure to
the amount of \$200. Your Board beg
here to point out that liberal annual sub-
scriptions to the funds of the Institution
are still urgently needed. To meet the
annual expenses (say \$4,000), they have
no other sources of revenue to rely on
than the annual grant of the Quebec
Government (\$1,729), and the pupils'
fees, (say \$300), except the voluntary
contributions of citizens. These are re-
quired annually by the Institution to the
extent of about \$1,500. The Board of
Managers are confident that when their
Protestant fellow-citizens realize as they
ought that this Institution is (in view of
the large number of free pupils), to a
very great extent, a charity, a generous
support will be extended to it.

The report was signed by Chas. Alex-
ander, President; T. Cramp, Vice Presi-
dent; and F. Mackenzie, Secretary-Treas-
urer.
The financial statement was then read,
and showed that the disbursements had
equalled the receipts (\$1,484.89).
The Principal and Professor Mac-
Gregor's reports were satisfactory and
encouraging.
The following resolutions were then
unanimously passed, the movers and sec-
onders adding appropriate remarks:
Moved by Mr. Andrew Allan, seconded
by Professor Duff:
"That the report just read be adopted,
printed and circulated under the direction
of the Secretary-Treasurer."
Moved by Dr. Scott, seconded by Mr.
McMillan:
"That the thanks of this meeting be
hereby given to the managers and officers
of this Institution for the faithful man-
ner in which they have discharged their
respective duties during the past year,
and that the following persons be hereby
elected to serve with the Life Governors
as members of the Board of Governors
during the ensuing year: Messdames A.
Allan and E. K. Greene, and Messrs.
Thomas Cramp, J. G. Mackenzie, J. Mc-
Lennan, Joseph Mackay, E. C. Gould,
Alfred Brown, Edward Mackay, F.
Wolfe, and Thomas T. M. Thomson and
F. Mackenzie."
Moved by Mr. F. W. Thomson, seconded
by Mr. Hugh McLennan:
"That the warmest thanks of this meet-
ing be due, and are hereby tendered to
Mr. Joseph Mackay, for his magnificent
gifts to the Protestant deaf-mutes of the
Province of Quebec."
The following interesting address from
the Principal was then read:

THE ORDER OF THOUGHT IN DEAF-MUTES.

It may not be uninteresting to state,
before proceeding with the exercises, that
none of the pupils now present had any
knowledge of language when they came
to the Institution. To those not deaf it
must seem difficult to conceive of ideas
without language, or what the mind of a
deaf-mute is thinking about without
words. The deaf-mute, until he acquires
a language to enable him to make him-
self understood, expresses his ideas in
signs. His ideas shape themselves in
this way: "horses, two, run fast," but
he does not think these words. The idea
of a horse, its shape and color, is imag-
ined in his mind, or the sign for that an-
imal comes into his thought. He next
holds up two fingers to express the num-
ber, and the idea of running and speed
is given by means of signs which sug-
gest themselves. The main idea is horse,
and he gives it the preference. The
first thing to do at school is to supply
both thought and language; then lay
out and cultivate the many avenues of
the mind over which thought comes and
goes. Deaf-mutes need a language of
some sort to enable them to know what
their ideas mean. This they obtain in
Institutions established for their benefit.
The deaf-mutes' lessons involve much
translation—first emotion into ideas, ideas
into signs, and signs into written words,
or words spelt out by the fingers letter
for letter. Constant repetition is neces-
sary to fix the words in the mind. The
difficulty is to get him to remember words
enough to carry his ideas as he writes or
converses with hearing people. We here
realize how much a child blessed with
the gift of hearing and speech knows of
language when he first comes to school
—he has been taught by all the people
he ever met by simply hearing them
speak. But the only preparation the
deaf-mute has received when he comes
to school is his careful observation of the
motions and behavior of people and
things about him. Tradesmen in the
city have wondered why our pupils some-
times make ludicrous mistakes in Eng-
lish when transacting business by writ-
ing. It is simply owing to the difficulty
deaf-mutes generally experience in put-
ting their ideas into cultivated language.
Years of training do not always insure
him against such mistakes. Many learn
to construct sentences with tolerable ac-

curacy, but only a few acquire fluency
and precision, and only in rare cases
grace of expression. And this is the
most important and most difficult work
in the education of deaf-mutes.

The pupils went through some brief
exercises, both oral and dactylological,
showing remarkable proficiency in their
education. An interesting feature of this
part of the proceedings was the drawing
of a map of Turkey, from memory, on
the blackboard, by one of the senior
lads, and the writing upon the board by
another of his opinion on the Eastern
Question.

After the close of the meeting, those
present examined the numerous speci-
mens of drawing and painting done by
the pupils, which were very creditable.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common
Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 7th.
The Psalter for the 7th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLIV.
2d Lesson—Matthew II, 13th verse.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLV.
2d Lesson—1 Corinthians III.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
first Sunday after Epiphany.

Sunday, Jan. 14th.
The Psalter for the 14th day of the
month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LI.
2d Lesson—John I, verse 29th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LII, to verse 13th.
2d Lesson—1 Corinthians XIII.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
second Sunday after Epiphany.

The MacIntire Libel Suit Dismissed
at Defendant's Costs.

JOHN E. FAWKNER MAKES A FULL RETRACTION,
PAYS \$2,000, AND QUITS.

Indianapolis Journal, Dec. 20, 1876.

The suit of Thomas MacIntire against
John E. Fawcner, for libel, was brought
to a close yesterday. The suit was origi-
nally brought against Fawcner and the
Sentinel Company jointly in the Marion
County Civil Circuit Court, but on the
affidavit of the first named defend-
ant, who swore that he could not obtain
justice here, the case was taken to Ham-
ilton county on a change of venue. It was
then moved to Morgan county on the oath
of John C. Shoemaker, who claimed that
the Sentinel Company would not have
justice done it in Hamilton county.
During the summer the Sentinel's inno-
cency becoming apparent, Mr. MacIntire
dismissed his suit as regarded that es-
tablishment. The company volunteered,
before that time, to compromise by the
payment of a considerable sum of money
and the publication of a full and com-
plete retraction of the libelous charges.
As the plaintiff could not compromise
with the Sentinel in the manner indicat-
ed without letting Fawcner escape, he
refused to accept the proposition, but re-
solving the futility of fighting a dead cor-
poration he ordered a dismissal, as above
stated.

The case came up in the Morgan county
Circuit Court last week with Judge
Myron B. Williams presiding, Judge
Robinson being ineligible from the fact
that he was stone time a counsel in the
case. The jury was empanelled and
sworn Saturday last, but negotiations for
a settlement were commenced before any-
thing more was done, and yesterday they
terminated in a compromise on the fol-
lowing terms:

Fawcner withdrew all the answers to
the complaint, and filled a new answer,
in which he says that he made original
charges before the board of trustees of
the Deaf and Dumb Institution in good
faith, believing them to be true at the
time; that, upon a full investigation,
the board of trustees unanimously de-
cided that they were not true; that the
persons on whose authority he made the
charges have since retracted, and that he
now retracts them himself and believes
that they had no foundation in fact so
far as they relate to Mr. MacIntire. It
was further agreed that the suit be dis-
missed at Fawcner's cost, and that he pay
the plaintiff \$2,000 in money in consid-
eration of his withdrawal from further
prosecution. This amount will partially
reimburse Mr. MacIntire for the enor-
mous outlays made necessary in the origi-
nal investigation, which lasted nearly three
months. Judge Williams will go down
to Martinsville this morning with the
entries agreed upon by the counsel, en-
them upon record and bring proceedings to
a final close.

As to the case of Prof. Valentine
against the Sentinel Company and John
E. Fawcner, that is still pending in the
United States Court, and will probably
be reached sometime during the present
term. On Prof. Valentine's removal to
Chicago, a few months since, he dismis-
sed the suit in the Civil Circuit Court
and filed a complaint in the Federal
Court, which had obtained jurisdiction
by his removal to another State.

It is estimated that the MacIntire case
from its first inception has cost John E.
Fawcner within a few hundred dollars
of \$16,000, besides damaging him social-
ly, occasioning his dismissal from the
Odd Fellows' lodge, and making him gen-
erally notorious throughout the city and
all this part of the State. He is still in
good circumstances financially, and in-
tends fighting the Valentine case through
to the bitter end.

Old Boreas has been on the rampage
again. Roads blocked and no mails for
two or three days, is not a very auspici-
ous beginning of the new year, and one
is tempted to sigh for the land where a
smaller quantity of the beautiful is to
be found.

Resignation of Rev. James P. Stratton.

On Sunday morning last Rev. James
P. Stratton, to the great regret of his
hearers, resigned the pastorate of the
Presbyterian church in this village. For
upwards of six years Mr. Stratton has
been in our midst, during which time he
has greatly endeared himself to his peo-
ple, and his departure will sadden many
hearts. While he has been among us he
has preserved the dignity of his sacred
office spotless, while he has ever been
cordial and genial to all. We honor him
for his manliness and his worth. To
his preaching, and to his high ideal of
Christian manhood, do many, under the
blessing of God, owe their advancement
in the divine life. He has ministered
to his people with great acceptance, and
his labors have been crowned with much
success. When he goes from us the pray-
ers of many will go with him, and his
departure will be regretted not only by
his own church and congregation, but by
hosts of other friends, who will always
be glad to know of his prosperity.

His resignation was a model of its
kind. Frank, gentle, and pervaded by
a spirit of Christian love, it touched all
hearts, and moistened eyes and quiver-
ing lips told how dear he is to the hearts
of his people. He has accepted a call
from a church in Crawfordville, Ind.,
but will, we understand, remain here till
about the first of February.

After the reading and acceptance of
Mr. Stratton's resignation, Mr. J. M.
Hood presented the following resolu-
tions, which were unanimously adopted:
Whereas, our pastor, Rev. James P.
Stratton, who has ministered to us with
so much acceptance for more than six
years, has seen proper to request that the
"tie that binds us" be severed, it seems
proper and right that we as a Church
should give some expression of our re-
gard for him as a Christian minister.

Resolved, 1st, That in accepting his
resignation, we take pleasure in ex-
pressing to him our unfeigned regret
that any cause should exist which could
produce such result.

Resolved, 2d, That our relations with
him and his family during the six years
of his pastorate over this Church, have
uniformly been pleasant and agreeable,
as well as profitable and instructive to
us, and have been attended with contin-
ued prosperity to this Church, both spiri-
tual and temporal.

Resolved, 3d, That he has our entire
confidence as a conscientious Christian
minister.

Resolved, 4th, That he has our hearty
love and best wishes for his future
prosperity and usefulness, and the assurance
that the earnest prayers of this Church
will accompany him to his new field of
labor; that the Lord may attend upon
his ministrations and crown his labors
with abundant success.

Dated Mexico, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1876.

A Sociable People.

Last week we spoke of the Sunday
School social held in the M. E. church,
on Christmas night. Some who were
then present seem to have thought it a
good plan not to allow such holiday en-
joyments to end with that evening's plea-
sure, as the following account will testify—
Last Thursday evening the Bible class
of the pastor, (Rev. S. P. Gray) gave
him a surprise at the parsonage. About
thirty-five persons were present, and a
very enjoyable evening was spent. Mr.
C. C. Stewell, in behalf of the class,
presented Mr. Gray with a splendid
teachers' Bible, and after partaking of
refreshments the party broke up.

On Friday afternoon, members of the
congregation of the M. E. church, to
the number of fifty-five, went to Paris-
hill and gave Mr. and Mrs. Orson Webb a
surprise. Of course they had a splendid
time there. How could it be otherwise
when they visited so pleasant a family?
When they left this village, early in the
afternoon, it was snowing quite briskly,
and the storm did not abate at all during
the afternoon or evening; by the time
that they started to return a great deal
of snow had fallen and the wind was
blowing hard. They relate many amus-
ing incidents that occurred on their way
back. Some started in the wrong di-
rection and went some distance before
they discovered they were not on the
way home; quite a number of sleighs
tipped over; one load was stuck in the
snow; upon the sleigh in advance there
was a balky horse that had to be led
whenever he came to a snow drift, which
was quite often; but all finally got
home without having any serious mishap.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Skinner invited
their Sunday School classes to their hos-
pitable home last Monday night, each
member was given the privilege of asking
some other person to be present. About
fifty young people gathered there, and
enjoyed themselves very much. They
could not very well have done otherwise,
as neither money nor pains were spared
to make it pleasant for those present.

Last evening, Mrs. G. W. Baker had
her class at her home, and a real good time
was had. Everything possible was done
to make the evening a pleasant one, and
it was indeed very enjoyable.

We see that the teachers and officers
of the M. E. Sunday School are deter-
mined to show their scholars that they
think of and work for them outside of
the hour they spend together each Sun-
day. This is commendable, and cannot
help being productive of good. They
honestly earned the appellation of being
a very sociable people, and their example
in this respect, at least, is well worthy
of imitation.

In our issue of last week we omit-
ted to mention the attendance of the
Helicon Band on Friday evening's enter-
tainment. Their music aided very much
and gave a great deal of pleasure. To
George Penfield, also, the committee feel
deeply obliged for his kind interest and
his earnest endeavors to make the affair
a success.

Board of Supervisors.

Condensed from the Times and the Palladium.
OSWEGO, Dec. 26, 1876.

CITIZENS OF MEXICO AND THE POOR HOUSE
INVESTIGATION.

Mr. Sampson presented the following
petition:

To the Board of Supervisors of the
County of Oswego:

The undersigned, citizens of Mexico,
in said county, named in the report of
your committee as persons to whom hams
or lard have been delivered from the Os-
wego County Poor House, do represent
to your Honorable Board:

That for more than a quarter of a cen-
tury it has been the practice of the Os-
wego County Superintendents of the
Poor, approved by nearly every Board
of Supervisors of this county, to procure
necessary pork for the use of the county
paupers by the annual purchase of pork
"in the hog," and selling the hams and
lard therefrom at an advanced price and
padding the remainder.

The hams and lard having been nicely
selected and cured, commanded a higher
price in market than that usually sold
by grocers derived from Western pork.

The citizens of Mexico were frequent
purchasers of the same from the county,
and in so doing believed they were as-
sisting the county in a commendable
effort to practice economy.

Your committee, however, in their ef-
fort to discover fraudulent acts disclose
that hams or lard were received by sev-
eral of our citizens without further in-
quiry as to whether they have paid an
equivalent to the county. The commit-
tee gave no opportunity for either of us
to show the truth; which is that for ev-
ery pound of either we each paid the
full market price and value without a
single exception. The undersigned be-
lieve it but justice to themselves, and
therefore they request that your Hon-
orable Board do immediately re-examine
the matter by appointing another com-
mittee with power to examine each of us
under oath, and such other persons as
they may deem necessary, and with di-
rections that they inquire whether any
property belonging to the county has
been received by any citizen of
Mexico without a full equivalent paid,
and that they publish the evidence taken
by them in connection with and in ex-
planation of, the evidence herewith pub-
lished.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Signed:

D. W. C. PECK,
W. J. MENTER,
GEORGE G. FRENCH,
L. H. CONKLIN,
D. D. BECKER,
GEO. W. PRYNE,
JOHN C. TAYLOR,
J. F. BECKER,
H. C. PECK,
L. G. BALLARD,
M. BRADBURY.

Dated Mexico, Dec. 26th, 1876.

Mr. Gardener moved that the prayer

of the petitioners be granted.
Mr. Root wanted to know what time
the proposed committee should be
allowed to make the investigations, and
whether they should report at this or the
next session of the Board.

Mr. Rowe said the evidence already
taken had been referred to a committee,
and suggested that this petition be re-
ferred to the same committee.

Mr. Gardener said an injustice seem-
ed to have been done to certain gen-
tlemen of Mexico whose character was
above suspicion, and he would like to
give them an opportunity to explain.

Mr. Babcock moved that the whole
matter lie on the table until the next
meeting. Carried.

OSWEGO, Dec. 27, 1876.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Sup. Root.—That Oswego county
make the addition to the asylum at Mex-
ico recommended by the Superintendents
of the Poor. Laid over and made a
special order for to-morrow.

By Sup. Hart.—That the Board exor-
tate all the persons mentioned in the
Mexico petition from all blame.

Sup. Gardener thought it would not
look well to adopt that resolution at
present.

Sup. Hart thought these citizens of
Mexico are so well known that nothing
could be gained by further investigation.

Sup. Root thought it best to wait and
hear the report of the committee ap-
pointed by the Board.

Sup. Babcock moved that the resolu-
tion and petition be referred to the com-
mittee to whom the report of evidence
taken was referred. Carried.

CORRESPONDENCE.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

On Saturday evening, the 9th inst., there was a debate before the Fanwood Literary Association, on the question, "Is Cramation preferable to interment?" After a warm and somewhat lengthy debate the principal arguments were summed up by Pres. Jones and the question put. The result was 16 votes for the affirmative, to 146 for the negative, making a clear majority of 130 votes in favor of interment. So the word goes forth that the Fanwood Literary Association considers the customs of our forefathers hallowed by time, more worthy of our regard than the new-fangled notions of some scientists.

Mr. R. E. Bull, the popular supervisor of the boys, has just left us to go down South on a visit for his health. He has for some months been unwell, though not enough, so to wholly disable him for duty, owing mostly to the climate of our locality which does not seem to agree with his constitution. The Board at last, though with some regret at having to dispense with his valuable services, gave him a short vacation in which to recuperate. We were sorry to lose him, though glad that he has such a good chance to rest, and hope that we shall see him among us before long as well and strong as ever. I understand that he intends to spend his time in Raleigh where he can at once have the benefit of a mild climate, and the society of his friends and fellow mutes.

The Board was happy in securing for his temporary successor, Mr. Martin Brown, one of the best graduates of '75 and a young man of the most exceptional character. There is no doubt but that he will do well in his new position. We have been getting along finely so far. Everything goes on as well as the most exacting could wish, and now with the Christmas holidays upon us, we can look back over our first half term, with a good deal of honest gratification, and the heads of the departments of the Institution deserve credit for their good management, whatever may be said concerning the system used. And I am sure all old Fanwood's friends will join us in wishing her a Happy New Year, and a successful finish to the academic year.

Thanksgiving was spent in the usual manner, with plenty of good things that delight the palate, and a sociable in the girls' sitting room. It will not be necessary for me to enlarge on it, as there is such a general uniformity in the ways of spending it everywhere. It took some time for some to get over it, and I hope your readers will not think that I am afraid to write about it, sooner for fear that its effects might be traced in my production, and if my composition is a little rusty, they will please attribute it to some unseasonable rheumatism or unpalatable headache, rather than to that.

On the day following Thanksgiving the High Class boys transferred the old "Evangeline" from her briny bed to safe shelter on terra firma, where she will remain until old Boreas has taken his departure, and the Hudson is open.

It will interest her old lovers to know that she is as trim and sound as ever, thanks to the care of Capt. Magill, who has had charge of her during the past season. By the way, I am tempted to inquire whether any of her aforesaid admirers have been so fortunate as to find a mistress as kind and true as she!

The charity ball so much talked of, came off at last, and in point of pleasure seems to have been a decided success, but it is rumored that it was not so well off financially, being some forty-seven dollars out of pocket. Agrippa and his fine worded article to the contrary notwithstanding.

A few days ago, Mr. E. B. Nelson, head of the Rome Institution, was here to see us. He staid over night, and we trust had a good time. A repetition would be most welcome any time.

Our principal was last week absent on business to Albany. He had hoped to meet Gov.-elect Robinson, who is his warm personal friend, on the way, but passed him on the railroad on the way up.

One of our pupils, John W. Lyons, lost both father and mother in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. His brother was with them, and only escaped by leaping down a stairway at the risk of breaking his neck. Mr. Theodore Peck, nephew of our principal, was in the theatre, but escaped. It was rumored that he had been found dead in the ruins, and his guardian was in great trouble, but happily the report turned out false.

Some of the friends of Miss Ella Dillingham, one of our pupils, were, I hear, burned to death in the same dreadful place.

At last we have a stereopticon of our own, thanks to the Board of Directors, and hereafter our pupils will not want for amusement.

We have plenty of snow, and soon the coasting will probably be "perfectly splendid."

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New York, Nov. 22, 1876.

Letter from Arcade, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is real winter here. A snow storm raged furiously, and blew "great gusts" all day Saturday, but this morning dawned clear and cold. The merry, merry jingle of the sleigh-bells cheers everybody, and seems to inspire us with good spirits. I imagine that the chief topic among the pupils at the Institutions is skating and coasting. The old times at Fanwood remind me that some of us had rich coasting on the hill almost covered with ice, from the Mansion House down to the railroad. One morning six or eight boys hurled themselves down on a long bob-sled, with great speed. One of them steered the sled, but it suddenly jumped up two feet, and before he could guide it aright it struck a tree with such terrific force that all on board were sent

tered. Two of them were carried insensible to the hospital and the rest rolled over and struggled hard for breath. It was a great wonder that all thus injured recovered rapidly, and still remember and appreciate the fun.

I wish to inform the lady readers that there is about one month more left for them to decide on the question of leap-year. The old maids have not yet written to me on the subject of "double blessedness." Old age is creeping upon me, and I am afraid that I shall have to be silent for four years hence.

I went to the Centennial Oct. 24th, and remained there eight days. It is needless for me to describe the exposition, as the readers can imagine how grand it was.

I visited the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and was entertained with great kindness and courtesy, considering that I was an entire stranger. I will bear witness that the Institution is in a splendid condition, and its pupils understand that order in the first law of Heaven, and are governed only by love. I boarded at the residence of Mr. Andrew Carlin, who did his best to make my visit agreeable and social. The deaf mutes in the "City of Brotherly Love" seem to take a good deal of interest in the welfare of each other, and always endeavor to secure the unity and amity of their Association. Through the influence of Rev. Mr. Syle, I attended their meetings three Thursday evenings, and was struck by the orderly and quiet manner in which the mutes assembled, "listening" to the lectures and debating like true ladies and gentlemen. It is sincerely hoped that the prosperity and success of their Association will be soon established on a solid basis, and set a shining example before some of our old corrupt deaf-mute associations.

Mr. Job Turner and Mr. Carlin cracked jokes on each other, many of which amused us very much.

On Sunday, while at St. Stephen's Church, I was greatly surprised to see my old classmate, Donald Douglas, Esq., who said that he drove there from Orange, N. J., about 100 miles distant, with his horse and photographic apparatus. The adventures and obstacles which he has encountered since he left Washington are numerous and interesting; and I think he ought to contribute to the JOURNAL, as I am sure he would make an interesting correspondent. He is always seeking fortune; not by luck but by cutting through solid mountains, by digging tunnels through the diameter of the earth and by swimming from pole to pole; his resolution to succeed is invincible. I mention his name only to illustrate the diligence and energy with which he tries to succeed, though he often fails.

Many mutes complain of want of work or of their low wages, and when some get discouraged they are apt to launch into the channel of dissipation. Those who quit their work on account of their wages being reduced according to the stringency or stagnation in business are worse than fools. Read "Wat Tyler's" letter No. 3, and be wise and patient.

A great many wealthy men when asked how they became rich, reply, "By sticking to my own business."

I stopped at Orange, N. J., and had a very pleasant visit with Mrs. John R. Burnett and her intelligent daughter, Katie. I missed the late kind-hearted Mr. Burnett very much. He always cheerfully conversed with me for my own good and entertained me with a game of chess nearly every Saturday while at school.

I called on Mr. John Bennett, a deaf-mute mechanic, at Newark, on my way to New York. He likes to encourage the deaf-mutes in his neighborhood by preaching to them in church, and I hope they will always appreciate his kindness. He has four children, one of whom is now a pupil at the Pennsylvania Institution.

This letter being rather long, I will reserve an account of my visit to New York for my next. In conclusion I will say that I shall be glad to have your correspondent "Max," scrutinize this letter; his criticism on my last interested me very much indeed.

S. H. H. Arcade, N. Y., Dec. 11th, 1876.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, '76.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—The examinations have come and passed, and we are now enjoying our two weeks' vacation. Many and various are the plans of the students for making time pass quickly. Some have gone home, and those remaining here are trying to forget all their troubles in the society of the fair young ladies of the Institution, but, as is always the case, before we are half through our holidays, we will get tired of doing nothing, and will long for the time when we can resume the old routine of our studies, tedious though it may be.

We have been again compelled to put off the games or races to some other time when it is hoped the grounds will be in better condition than they are at present. If we had only taken time for the forelock a month or two ago, when everything was favorable, we might now have no cause for complaint. As it is, we will perhaps hold a field meeting next spring.

The prize for the best examination for admission to the Freshman Class, has been awarded this year to Lester Good, man of Illinois. He is the second student from that State who has won the prize.

Some of the Preps. are talking in German, to the great astonishment of the Juniors.

The students are having a good laugh at the expense of a Freshman, whose own credulity got him fooled the other day. The students from Indiana led him to believe that a young lady, who was a former classmate of his, in the

Hartford Institution, had removed to the Institution at Indianapolis. He, being an old flame of this young lady, was desirous of renewing his acquaintance with her. So he wrote her, in care of a certain friend of the Indiana students who was in the secret, and had been taught his part. This mutual friend, under the name of the young lady, answered the letters of the Freshman, who did not discover the trick until he had wasted two or three boxes of stationery, and a great many postage stamps.

A pupil in the Primary Department, who is evidently very backward in his class, on being asked the other day what time it was, replied that he thought it was one mile to five o'clock.

Chess has become a favorite game with the students. Young Samson of '80 bids fair to be the champion player of the College. He has already won two games played with a tutor.

A Prep. has a pair of noosecases, which he means to wear at the races, if they finally take place.

STUDENT.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 26, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have hardly any news to chronicle. Hartford is rather a quiet place. It does not abound in rings or cliques. Hardly any literary society can be found among the deaf and dumb here.

The holiday week commenced Saturday and ended yesterday. To-day all the pupils must answer to the roll call. Some fifty went away to spend a few days with their friends. The larger number live a long distance away, and their friends are too hard up financially to afford to pay their expenses home and back on such an occasion.

All nature is now shrouded in an attire of pure white. The merry children are about with their sleds, and beautiful cutters with their stylish occupants pass our door—the very sight of which creates jealousy. O, what a happy time the children would have, could they all be given a sleigh ride!

Some boys, who are much skilled in skating, prefer to glide about upon the smooth, glass-like ice. Alas! the snow has spoiled their sport; therefore they go in quest of some other enjoyment. In a few days snow foots may be reared on the play grounds.

The health of the inmates of the Institution is excellent. There is hardly a case of sickness. Confinement for a day or two in the hospital; then the patient comes out all right. The doctor has not much of a chance to lengthen his bills here.

One of our corps of instructors, Mr. J. R. Keep, is still confined to his house, and wears at a loss to know when he will make his appearance among us again. He is certainly not the oldest of our teachers, for Mr. D. E. Bartlett is older by about ten years. It is possible that Mr. B. has found the living waters which De Soto searched for in vain?

Rev. W. W. Turner is probably the oldest teacher in the country on the retired list. If his life is spared until the 1st proximo, he will be 77 years old. He is still hale, hearty and clever as ever, although his limbs refuse to perform their wonted tasks with ease. He is still in sympathy with the children of silence, and rejoices whenever one of them rises above the common level of mankind.

Now I must tell you how the Galludet High Class is led up the rugged mountain of knowledge. It is in reality a College Preparatory Class. In the morning, after prayers, the students composing this class retire to their respective apartments where they engage in study without a preceptor or preceptress. At 11 A. M. they go into the class room to recite, and there they remain till twelve noon. At 2 P. M. they are in their room again and there stay till 3 P. M. After that they retire to their respective rooms for study—i. e., they study in groups.

Mr. J. C. Bill is professor of Natural Philosophy; Mr. R. S. Storer of Language, and Mr. Job Williams of Mathematics.

It seems to me that the High Class are making quite rapid progress, and two years will prepare them to step up higher.

Mr. A. A. Small, a cobbler, has been assisting the officers of this school for the past few months. He performs his duties well.

I am very glad to hear that Mrs. Clero, who was severely injured by a fall, is getting better and no fears are now entertained of a fever setting in.

A happy New Year to you all!

IRONQUOIS.

The Death of George R. Lake.

MALDEN, MESA, Dec. 27, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. RYDER:—Please allow me to tell your deaf-mute readers a few words expressive of my deep sympathy in an event which occurred at Lowell a few days ago, and in which all are interested.

I returned home yesterday, after an absence of about four days, from a pastoral visit to Lowell, where, last Sunday, I had the pleasure of conducting services for the deaf-mutes at the vestry of the First Congregational Church, under the auspices of the "Lowell Silent Society," the members of which are so kindly allowed the free use of the vestry.

The event, to which I allude is the death of Mr. George R. Lake, a graduate of the American Asylum, which took place at Lowell, Dec. 12th, 1876, at the age of 30 years.

About a year since George R. Lake took a bad cold. That unfortunate cold was afterwards turned into consumption of which he died.

Within two weeks of his death, the members of the "Worcester Deaf-mute Society" sent a beautiful bouquet to him, through Miss Addie Joslin of that city, as a token, not only of their true affection towards him as a friend, but also of

their deep sympathy with him in his long, lingering sickness. He received it with great pleasure and gratitude. He took a pretty red pink out of the bouquet, and put it on his pillow, to which it was afterwards pinned by his deaf-mute sister Lizzie. He often turned his head to look at it.

On the morning of his last day, his speaking, kind-hearted sister, Rosella, brought him some ice cream, not knowing that he was about passing away, and wished him to taste it; but to her great disappointment and distress, she found that he was not able to do so. His father had gone to Boston that morning, not thinking his condition worse than usual.

Within four or five hours of his decease, he complained to his devoted mother of his having a pain in his back, and desired to be removed to his bed. She requested him to wait his father's return from Boston, to which he consented.

Soon she heard him groaning, knew he was dying, and sent her granddaughter to call his deaf-mute sister Lizzie to come to her. Lizzie found her weeping, and asked what was the matter; to which she replied (speaking out), "Dying." Her grief was great, but with the resignation of a Christian, she bore it meekly. She was truly a noble child, and was a great comfort to her distressed mother.

His father returned from Boston at noon, and gently removed him from the lounge to the bed. His mother asked him if he wanted her and her company to vacate his chamber, to which he replied that he would leave it to her best judgment.

He was grieved at seeing the family all in tears, and asked his mother if he was going to die, to which she replied, "Yes." He first grieved for one minute, and out of one of his eyes fell a last tear.

She told him that she hoped to meet him in heaven, at which he smiled peacefully. His speaking sister, Rosella, told him that his sisters all hoped that they would be with him in that sweet home where no parting is ever known. Lizzie told him that we must all die, and that there is no happiness on earth like heaven.

His mother asked him if he felt as if the Saviour would receive him into his holy mansion, to which he replied in the affirmative. She said, "All is well," and he answered by nodding his head. She asked him if he knew that his particular friend, Mr. Hildreth, was no more, and he said he did not. She informed him that he died the week before.

After resting some minutes, he spelt out, "I am happy to die, and sick of living on earth." He was sorry for all his sins, and hoped God had forgiven him through Christ, and hoped to meet all his friends in heaven.

Lizzie said to him, "I hope we shall be fitted to meet you in heaven by trying to do right in God's sight."

He said to his mother, "Tell father to pray for me." His parents and sisters kneeled down at his death-bed in solemn silence. The father, a deacon, prayed for him. George held one of his mother's hands a long time. Then he put his hands out for the last time, clasping them on his brow, looked up and made a silent prayer. In a few minutes his spirit departed in peace. He died without a struggle, with the strong assurance that Christ had forgiven him, and that he would go to heaven to forever dwell with his Maker.

How happy he must be now to find his tongue unloosed and his ears opened. The speech and hearing which he must have received in heaven must be a great novelty to him.

The members of the "Worcester Deaf-mute Society" sent another beautiful bouquet to be placed upon his coffin. The same young, deaf-mute lady carried it from that city to Lowell to pay her last respects to George, who would probably have married her had he lived.

His funeral took place on the 16th inst. His corpse was removed from his late residence to the church, where the Rev. S. H. Pratt, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., preached the funeral sermon. I wish I could give you a synopsis of his sermon, as I know you would read it with interest. There were a good number of deaf-mute friends at the funeral from Boston, Salem, Worcester, and other places. His body was taken to the cemetery to rest till last day.

I must not omit to say that his splendid rosewood coffin and funeral ceremonies were paid out of his own money which he had deposited in the bank.

His mother talked with him the Saturday night previous to his death, asking him if he was afraid to die, and he said, "No." She asked him if he had confessed all his sins to God, and felt that he had heard his prayer and forgiven him all; if he felt when he prayed that Christ was near him, heard his prayer; if he was ready to meet his Saviour and could meet him in peace, to all of which he answered, "Yes."

Lizzie told me that he was very patient in his long, lingering sickness, never once murmuring or complaining; that he was cheerful, and bore his sickness with true Christian patience and resignation.

He was much beloved at and out of his home. Mr. Isaac N. Sapor, President of the "Lowell Silent Society," told me that in him he had lost a faithful companion.

I cannot close this article without saying that nobody feels a deeper sympathy for Deacon Lake and his family, in their bereavement, and prays to God to console them, more fervently than does this writer.

May the Spirit of God ever enable your deaf-mute readers who read this notice, to conduct themselves so as to meet him in heaven, where they may sing new songs before God, with their tongues unloosed and their ears opened; the truth of which God revealed to that great prophet Isaiah.

Wishing you health, happiness and prosperity, I subscribe myself,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN TURNER.

"Quas" at Mr. Peter Kaerth's Residence.

Christmas day was leisurely spent by your correspondent in reading and smoking at the rooms of the Sunnyside Social Club, but as the hour of four neared, a messenger threw open the door of the room, and with the swiftness of his arms and fingers he informed the writer that a sociable was to be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaerth, a deaf and dumb couple residing at No. 22 Graham avenue, Brooklyn. After the excitement of the messenger had abated and his head been cooled, he asked the writer if he could run up to the residence and enjoy the few hours there and give a good report of the sociable in the columns of the *Brooklyn Daily Times*. Your correspondent said that he would rather send a report to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, than to the *Times*, because the JOURNAL devoted its columns to the interests of the deaf and dumb.

It is true that your correspondent was glad to find some enjoyment in the evening, after being lonesome all day, and the result was that he donned his hat and overcoat after he had partaken of his supper, and went to the residence as soon as his legs could carry him. Entering the elegantly furnished parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Kaerth, the writer was confronted by Mr. Kaerth, and to him we must pay a few compliments before we venture to write more.

Mr. Peter Kaerth is a deaf-mute, is a very kind-hearted man, and is liked by every one who knows him. He has been foreman on one of the floors of Gunther & Co., furriers of New York, for some 20 years, and while he is a fine looking man, his wife Julia is not behind him in that respect at all. She is a pleasant lady, and a kind mother and loving wife.

A splendid supper was being partaken of when your correspondent entered, but Mr. G. Fersenheim interrupted and gave three cheers for the JOURNAL and its scribe. After partaking of this repast Mr. G. Fersenheim told a very interesting story about his life in the gold mines in foreign lands, and at the conclusion he received a shower of applause. After this the JOURNAL was taken up by Lytton Bulwer, who addressed the assembly, and when he ended the malos retired to an ante-room for "sky-larking" and smoking, while the fair ladies indulged in lemonade "sipping" and chatting. A few minutes elapsed and all were again together, and innocent parlor amusements were then put on the programme of the evening. The time piece flew fast and all the enjoyments were spoiled by the hands of our friend "clock," which stood 12 sharp, and at this moment the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaerth began to don their hats and cloaks and left for their homes.

We must not forget to say that Mrs. K. Juhring, wife of Mr. Henry Juhring, and Mrs. C. Nebel had charge of the sociable, and did all they could to please the guests, and to them great credit is due. It may be that the readers of the JOURNAL who were class-mates or school-mates of us, want to know who were present. We will therefore say that we noticed Mr. and Mrs. E. McConville, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Seelig, of N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Juhring, of Brooklyn; Messrs. S. Smith, F. Streiner, F. T. Brown, H. Elliott, F. Schmidt, J. Weinberger, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz, Miss E. Terry, Miss R. Kelly, Mr. L. Loewenstine, G. Fersenheim and wife, and many others whose names have escaped the memory of the writer.

AGRIFFA.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30, '76.

Christmas time, making all things gay and merry in one sense, in another has an opposite effect in Washington because political news comes to a complete standstill on account of the extended adjournment of Congress during the holidays; for, although it was decided to dispense with the customary recess beginning before Christmas and continuing till after New Year's, still the sessions are kept up only as a matter of form and no business is attempted. Indeed, there is not a quorum present at any time during these holidays unless at some particular meeting, specified beforehand. Congressmen whose homes are near by, went thither to spend Christmas, and have been leisurely about getting back. In fact, there was no special necessity of holding sessions during this week except for the possibility of some unseen emergency arising, which possibility undoubtedly exists owing to the extremely unsettled state of political affairs just at the present time.

It can never be said that Washington is quiet during the Christmas season, whatever death of political news may exist; for from the morning before the holidays commence till the juvenile throat and lungs of Young America completely give out, the maddening blasts of foot-horns and other gaily-drawn abominations lead one to exclaim, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" and long to escape to some quiet spot where he can secure an hour's quiet. Hard times and lowering political skies notwithstanding, money has been spent most lavishly here this week. Shops, stores, markets and trading places of every description have been thronged, and the streets presented an appearance of a surging mass of miscellaneous bundles and packages.

The only matters of public interest that have been discussed to any extent in Congress since last Friday, are Mr. Hewitt's arraignment of the New York Post Office and the Morrison-Orton telegraph affair.

In the former case, Mr. Hewitt bids fair to have made no little trouble for himself; although he was undoubtedly sincere in his belief that his letters had been tampered with; yet, according to his own assertion, the only information

he had received that such was the case was through an anonymous letter which he has destroyed, making it seem that his accusation against Post-Master James, of New York, was somewhat premature.

Concerning the telegraph trouble it appears that, according to the precedent established by Procter Knott, any Congressional Committee can enforce their demands against a telegraph company for the production of any telegrams in its possession without specifying, even to Congress, what it hopes or expects to establish by such papers and without showing their connection with, or relation to, the matter under investigation. This renders private telegrams no longer exciting, and the whole affair is exciting much interest. It will probably be settled as soon as regular business is again taken up by Congress.

Wednesday quite an interesting session was held, and an important message from the President sent to the House of Representatives. It related immediately to the extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain and announced that by the voluntary act of Her Majesty's Government the obstacles which had been interposed to the extradition article had been removed; and that fugitives from this country who have been released by that Government, will, if possible, be re-arrested and delivered up to our authorities. Winslow and Gray are, however, believed to have escaped from British jurisdiction as all recent search for them has proved unavailing.

Yesterday the Senate held no session, and that of the House was but of nineteen minutes' duration. No business was attempted except the introduction of a few bills, the principal of which was one authorizing the Commissioners of the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company to dispose of certain pieces of property at private or public sale. This bill, if passed, will add considerably to the amount of money to be distributed to the swindled depositors of the Freedman's Bank.

The raid upon the gambling houses in this city, which has excited very much interest among the citizens of the district of late, is still in active operation. Strict investigations have brought to light the fact that there is rather a close relation existing between the "boss" gamblers and the police—one gentleman at that force, having been accused of receiving money from proprietors of gambling saloons in payment for procuring them immunity from arrest.

M. M. W.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1877.

The holidays have come and gone and every one seems to have enjoyed them thoroughly. The entire week between Christmas and New Year's was given up to festivities of various kinds. One little boy who has been diligently managing to attend two Sunday Schools for a month past has at last received his reward. Each of these gave his Christmas party in a different night of the week and he was able to attend them all and get something from each, besides obtaining sufficient religious instruction to last him until next December.

Our city, if all is true that is reported, is just at present engaged in the laudable work of compounding felonies. Ever since Tweed was brought back and Woodward caught, there has been much talk and many interviews with the "Boss" conspirator, and it is now said by those who know that an arrangement has been entered into by which the ring thieves shall return a portion of their dishonest gains and then be allowed to go free men and enjoy the large unreturned balance. Not for the first time it will be seen that what is crime in the individual is laudable policy in the corporation.

Owing to the amount of beautiful snow in the street which has been changed into a substance very much resembling wet, dirty sand, nearly all the stages are now driven with three horses. The coaching club men look on with envy for a short time to see the dexterity of the Jehus who manage the ribbons so effectively, never letting the leader get into any kind of a tangle with the traces, nor turn his body around until he touched noses with the wheelers, but they finally mounted the box and after giving bonds to pay any damages to "bus" or passengers have been trying their hands at the business and for tyros have succeeded very well. It may be remarked, however, that omnibus horses as a rule are not thorough-breds.

We had begun to hope that the Ulster had had its day; that the time had gone by in which it was impossible to tell "tother from which" by their attire; when masculine Ulster and feminine Ulster walk arm in arm; when masculine round hat and feminine round hat only differed in the matter of a feather or a wing; when all of masculine boot that could be seen only went one better in feminine boot in point of size; and so far as the feminine portion of the community is concerned this is true; they have had their day. Whether it is owing to the hard times or what I cannot say, but true it is, the Ulster has evolved into a huge plaid of such length, it is not necessary to wear any other covering, unless for comfort's sake. Ten dollars invested in an Ulster does away with all Sartorial and detergent claims. Even socks can be dispensed with, and it only costs three cents apiece to wash handkerchiefs. The man, therefore, who does not attend fashionable receptions where it is necessary to remove the outside coat and who is not ornamented like Barum's captain, finds that by sleeping at a different police station every night and patronizing all the free lunches, he can live cheap this winter. He is the man who believes most heartily in the Ulster.

No Italian opera this winter and our fashionable belles, particularly the stockholder's daughters, are in despair. The cats do their best, but their efforts are not greeted with that applause which

their generous efforts ought to call forth. Strakosch and Maretzek are still anathematized by all opera goers, especially the habitués.

Theatre parties, which were so popular, have received their death blow by the Brooklyn disaster. I have not heard of one being organized since. One of our fashionable ladies, however, has sent tickets to all her gentlemen friends for a certain performance on New Year's evening where she will attend to receive her calls. It is said a rival belle proposes doing the same thing at another theatre, there having been a dispute between them as to which one had the largest circle of acquaintances, and this method having been taken to publicly prove it. Quantity not quality seems to be the prevailing passion with some people on New Year's day.

Airs from "La Fille de Madame Angot," "La Belle Helene," and "Genevieve de Brabant," were used to sing anthems and carols to in some of our high churches at Christmas, and an irreverent wretch asks, "How is that for high!—church of course I mean." It is probable they agree with the divine who thought it was a pity the devil should have all the good music.

A sewing society has been organized by some of our fashionable women, to provide garments for those who are in need from the Brooklyn calamity. Some of the large dry goods firms have donated them cotton, flannel, and other necessary goods. The fund, though seemingly a large one, will not last long, not through the winter without considerable increase, as the Committee are giving away \$1,000 a week.

Among the fashionable receptions that of Mrs. Cyrus T. Field has been the largest and most extensively attended of any this season.

The Union League Club are to give one on the 25th of January, which promises to be the most brilliant event of the season.

Considerable notoriety and not a little natural discussion have grown out of the fact that many of the policy-holders of the defunct Continental Life Insurance Company have been taken over by the New Jersey Mutual Life. The facts appear to be that, by superior managerial enterprise, the latter company secured the co-operation of some of the Continental's principal agents and thus obtained the inside track in convincing the frightened policy-holders of the wisdom of becoming members of the New Jersey Mutual. Other companies undertook to do the same thing, but were not as quick about it, hence the howl raised by certain envious insurance agents.

It is crooked milk that disturbs New York at present, instead of crooked whiskey. There has been much discussion about the lactometer, and a general feeling that it was not a fair test.

A "Reading Club" for ladies is discussed at present. The constitution and by-laws will compel them to devote a half-hour to the reading of some English classic, more than three interruptions in regard to matching woinets, or about the last sweet thing in bonnets, being a fashionable offense. After this, fashion magazines, dress and scandal will be in order. The refreshments will be restricted to peanuts and French bon-bons.

Little boys coast down the sand heap in City Hall Park, sometimes the place is black with them. One suddenly sees the mystical watchword, "Cheese it—Cop!" and they vanish like spirits, and before the "ralliant son of (Ma's) drest out in uniform," arrives on the spot, they have disappeared, where? that is the question,—they know.

A Frightful Disaster.

ACCIDENT ON THE LAKE SHORE.

Last Friday night, about 8 o'clock, the westward bound express train on the Lake Shore Railroad broke through the bridge

The Holland Wind-Mills.

Our special delight for once was not "the cathedral." We got close to a wind-mill, and were happy. We entered, and our joy was full. We had no conception of the magnitude of these labor-saving devices. We counted not less than six stories in the tower of one we were permitted to examine. It must have been as high as an average church steeple. The arms or fans were of enormous length, and carried 3,000 feet of canvas. And this is the machine that literally makes Holland. It pumps out the ocean when the ocean gets in. It mows and grinds. It does the lifting and the lowering. A family lives in the mill.

In Holland there are full 10,000 of these mammoth structures. In London and Liverpool and New York there is a forest of masts. In Holland there is everywhere a forest of wind-mills. Some are built of brick, others of stone, many are of wood; of course, we mean the tower part. They turn slowly, yet with great power, and we learn that, so flat is the country, there is seldom a serious or long-continued lack of wind.—*Correspondence Universalist.*

The Alligator Business.

Between 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg. The alligators formerly came almost exclusively from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great center of the business.

The Florida swamps and morasses are no—the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great depot. The alligators often attain a length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a very old age. The hides are stripped off, and the belly and sides, the only portions fit for use, are packed in barrels in strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment from six to eight months, when they are ready to cut up. So far the leather has been mainly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, but handsome slippers are also made of it.

It is said that a well known novelist lately entered a printing office, and accused a compositor of punctuating improperly when the type readily and earnestly replied—

"I am not a pointer; I'm a setter."

"Have you any rebutting testimony to offer, Patrick?" asked the Justice of a prisoner arranged for goat killing. Pat scratched his head a minute, and a new light seemed to dawn on him. "Rebutting is it? Shure an' that's just what's the matter, yer Honor, the bloody bastid buttel me till divil a stitch of sate woz left on me breeches, yer Honor, and that's why I'm here the day." Pat was acquitted.

Mexico Union Cheese Factory.

At the Annual Meeting of the factory, held the 19th inst. The following report was made:

Commenced operations April 24th; closed Nov. 8; pounds of milk received 1,993,695; pounds cheese cured 200,670; yield of cheese cured, 1 pound of cheese to 9.96 pounds of milk.

Of the sales, the average price per one hundred pounds was 10.54-100 dollars. From Oct. 21st to Nov. 8th, the milk was delivered every other day, and skimmed cheese was made, which increased the average pounds milk to one of cheese. The stockholders of this factory pay insurance on cheese, and all expenses connected with the factory.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Solomon Matthews; Treasurer, Phineas Davis; Secretary, J. W. Lawton; Directors, Lewis Miller, J. H. Alfred, O. C. Whitney, Geo. A. Davis, Myron Everts.

We would call the attention of our musical friends to the following magazines.

Peter's Household Melodies, containing five or six beautiful songs and choruses.

Peter's Parlor Music, containing several easy Piano Pieces.

La Creme De La Creme, a collection of difficult Piano Music by the best European authors.

Peter's Organ Selections, for Reed or Pipe Organ.

Peter's Sacred Selections, containing Hymns, Anthems, etc., and

Peter's Octavo Choruses, containing four choice Choruses for Singing Societies.

These magazines are published at the uniform price of \$2 per annum, post-paid, and we have no hesitation in saying that they are unequalled in quality, cheapness and elegance. Give your new-dealer 25 cents, and tell him to order a sample copy, or send direct to the Publisher, J. L. Peters, 843 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is fast taking the place of all the old-fashioned cough remedies. It never fails to relieve the most violent cold, and for throat diseases it is invaluable. Price, 25 cents.

PARISH.

Eureka Grange, No. 287, has chosen officers for 1877, viz., H. D. Richardson, M.; E. F. Richardson, O.; J. M. House, C.; H. Drake, L.; T. Gother, T.; Ed. Palmer, Sec.; L. G. Tilton, S.; F. L. Kenyon, A. S.; Mrs. T. Gother, L. A. S.; A. W. Calkins, G. K.; Mrs. S. J. House, C.; Mrs. M. D. Richardson, P.; Mrs. R. Kellogg, F.; H. D. Richardson, H. Drake and Wm. Wortman, Ex. Com. This Grange sticks to its colors. They know its benefits, and knowing will maintain them. Its principles are quietly working their way among the farmers. It encourages them to be their own champions.

The Parish Congress (school trustees) convened last Saturday to make rules for truancy children. The town clerk eloquently delivered his message, and then the Congress voted to continue for the present the rules formerly adopted. We believe these rules might be bettered now under the laws passed in 1875-76. But to do so would make some expense, and we hope under the present rules, we have no occasion to enforce them. We deem it imperative upon trustees to make rules.

We deem the efforts of certain supervisors to combine the offices of Surrogate and County Judge in one person very unwise. The business of Surrogate is a department of law by itself. He should not be perplexed or hindered or drawn aside from this department by taking into consideration other law matters. The attending to the probate of wills, settlement of estates, and protecting minors should not be coupled with looking after chicken thieves or street rowa. The County Judge has a variety of small though important matters to attend to, he being a sort of a chere boy in our judiciary, consequently he cannot give proper weight and thought to the grave matters belonging to the Surrogate. Only lawyers are eligible for County Judge, but others may be Surrogate.

We wish you Merry Christmas.

Parish, Dec. 25, 1876. ODD. NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 23, 1876. The funeral services of Miss Harriet Hewitt were held at the Congregational church this afternoon, conducted by Revs. Place and Manson.

Dec. 26th, 1876. Rev. Mr. Underwood, who is to assist Mr. Place during the series of meetings, will preach his first sermon this evening. Mr. U. is the Congregational minister at Oswego, but has made arrangements to be absent from his congregation a part of the time during each month.

OCCASIONAL. Police Justice Fenton's Case.

To the Editor of the Palladium: "Sib—I see you copy in your paper the announcement about the arrest of Police Justice J. W. Fenton of this place, on charge of taking unlawful fees from pensioners. It is true that such an arrest has been made, and that Mr. Fenton has been held to answer the charge in the United States Court; but it is also true that Mr. Fenton has a good and valid defense. The party who brings the charge against him is not reliable or reputable; and I know of my own knowledge that no injustice was done in the case. As a friend of Mr. Fenton—though without his knowledge—I ask you to print this to the end that there may be a suspension of public judgment until both sides of the question are heard.

FAIR PLAY. Pulaski, Dec. 23, 1876.

Notice to Teachers.

At a District association held at Palermo, Dec. 9th, 1876, it was resolved, that the teachers in this district establish a paper to be called "The Teachers' Paper" of the 2nd Commissioner's District, the contents to be read at each district association. Miss C. M. Graves was chosen to act as editor, and B. C. Andrews as assistant editor. All contributions for said paper should be sent to one of them; the post office address of Miss Graves is Palermo, and Mr. Andrews is Palermo.

It is expected that a majority of the teachers in this district will contribute something for this paper, each person to select their own subject. Teachers, please do not forget this, for I shall be very much disappointed if this paper does not prove a success.

The next district association will be held at Central Square, Feb. 3d, 1877, and I desire to make it one of the best associations ever held in this commissioner's district, and I shall expect to see every teacher present; please do not think of making any excuses.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. F. H. BERRY, Com'r 2d Dist., Osw. Co.

West Amboy, Dec. 25th, 1876.

Shawls. Shawls. Shawls.

Don't fail to go and see those Elegant Beaver and Velvet Plaid Shawls at No. 5.

Go to Norton's for \$1 Kid Gloves. Go to Norton's for Black Alpaca.

Go to Norton's for wrappers and drawers. Go to Norton's for flannel shirts.

Go to Norton's for new style of prints. Goto Norton's for cheap, cheap sheetings.

Go to Norton's for Saratoga trunks. Go to Norton's for floor oil cloths.

Go to Norton's for Cheap Waterproof. Go to Norton's for Felt Skirts.

The best Black Cashmere ever in town for \$1.00, is at J. R. NORTON'S.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains

MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published. As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

Reading Expressly Designed

For the benefit of the

Deaf and Dumb,

consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY

That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

TERMS:

Our Paper, notwithstanding the Unusually Low Price for one of its contents and worth, will, as heretofore, continue to be mailed to subscribers, postage free, terms positively.

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ORDER OF CREATION RELIGION

THE SIX NEW WORKS. P. A. EMERY, M. A., D. D.

I.—Order of Creation. (Chart, revised). II.—Arcana of Nature Revealed.

Based on Mathematics, Twelve Axioms of Creation, &c. Chart nicely colored, with Book nicely bound, \$5.00. Chart plain, with Book plain bound, \$2.00.

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V.—Rational Dream Book. VI.—Inner Life Night Thoughts.

Based on Ten Propositions, a new and universal language in two vols. \$1.50. One vol. \$1.00.

These great works should be in the hands of all who wish to possess the most advanced and rational ideas of Creation, History, &c. M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Send Stamp for Pamphlet, Circular, &c. The Works mailed free on receipt of Price.

Also the Woven Wire Spring Bed.

The Japanese Gem, A Ladies' Work Box And Thread Case.

HAND SLEDS, FOLDING, SPRING AND EASY CHAIRS, A new line of goods, and the Latest Boston Styles

OF PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, CANE AND WOODEN SEAT CHAIRS

Of all kinds, which I will SELL DOWN AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.

J. A. RICKARD, 2 doors South of the Post Office, Mexico, Nov. 22, 1876.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co. Augusta, Maine.

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THE NEW WORLD for 1877, Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly, will be found to be the cheapest and best newspaper published in the United States. It will be printed in an improved form with new type upon the best paper, and no expense or labor will be spared to maintain it in every department at the highest possible standard, and to commend it in all respects to the confidence and approval of the best classes in the community without regard to political opinions or religious differences.

It will lay before its readers: THE NEWS OF THE DAY of all kinds and from all quarters, by mail and by telegraph, carefully condensed and lucidly arranged, special attention being given to all Commercial, Legal, Financial, Social, Criminal and Political Transactions in the City of New York and in the United States.

VOL. REPORTS, Reciting and Illustrating all Congressional and Legislative proceedings at Washington and Albany; all Meetings of importance, Religious, Literary, Educational, Scientific and Political; all Social Events, gay and grave; and Personal Information of interest to the public.

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CRITICISMS of all notable works and notices of all notable events in connection with Music, the Drama, Painting, Sculpture and all other branches of Art.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES upon every subject of present interest or importance.

For the principles by which "The World" will be governed in its discussion and treatment of all public questions, it will suffice to say that "The World," while conservative in politics, desires the conservation only of what is good and wise in our public institutions and our political system; liberal in spirit, it admits no limitations upon the rights of private judgment and aspirations of Reform, save those which are imposed by decency, decorum, and a rational respect for vested rights; and for the honest opinions of all classes and sects of men. While it has labored for the principles and lauds the triumph of the Democratic party, it affords us a practical promise of Reform in our public administration, city, state and national, it will not be blindly devoted to the advancement of any party or clique. It will freely canvas the public conduct, while it will treat with respect private rights, of Public Men, and it will examine fearlessly into the workings of our national, state and municipal government.

It will inculcate a steadfast reliance upon the original principles of our political system as the only sound basis of all needed improvements therein; an unflinching devotion to the Constitution and the Union, a scrupulous fidelity to the spirit as well as the letter of our laws, and a sleepless vigilance in maintaining all the great safeguards of civil and religious liberty. It will seek to mitigate and not to aggravate the evils inseparable from Party Government in a Free Country; to promote good and not ill feeling among our fellow-citizens of all creeds and colors, all sections and all sects; and to advance both by its precepts and by its example the reign of Reason and Law over prejudice and passion in all our social and political life.

It will do justice always, to the best of its ability, to all men and to all classes of men; it will recognize no enemies but the enemies of good morals, public order and the law; it will endeavor, in a word, to make its columns a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well.

Nor will it less slight meanwhile of the great and legitimate demand of the reading public for entertainment. "The World" will keep its readers informed of all that is amusing as well as of all that is momentous. In the movements of society and will spare neither trouble nor expense to provide them with a varied, animated and accurate picture of the times in which we live.

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It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

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